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truly catholic spirit, and a delicate taste. The only thing to be regretted is their brevity. The longest articles are those upon Lucretia Maria Davidson, (of whose life and works we hope to give some account, in a future number,) Mr. Percival, and Mr. Willis. In the notice of the last-named gentleman the author is mistaken in calling him a native of Boston. He was born in Portland. The appearance of this volume, is one among many proofs of a more amicable spirit on the part of our English brethren. We hope the time is coming when perfectly friendly relations will be established between us, and Englishmen will cease to judge our authors on purely political grounds.

4. — *Mogg Megone. A Poem*, by JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER. Boston ; Light & Stearns. 1836. 24mo. pp. 69.

WE fear that the diminutiveness of this volume will occasion it to be overlooked and lost in the crowd of larger works, few of which deserve so favorable regard. It is said that nature never puts a giant's mind into a dwarf's body ; and it is a sort of injustice to the spirit of this poem to have thrust it into so insignificant an embodiment. It is a work of real and distinguished power, with some considerable defects both of plan and execution, but with so much strength and vividness of conception, truth of description, and beauty of verse, that we are ashamed to have allowed ourselves to defer the notice of it until we are obliged to compress it into a few lines.

It is a tale of Indian life, the scene of which is laid at Norridgewock, in Maine. Its catastrophe is connected with the destruction of the Catholic Missionary establishment there, and the death of Father Ralle. The story is not a pleasing one ; it is too savage, and it is not so constructed as to excite a single and sustained interest. But its separate scenes are of great and sometimes terrible power, and they are intermingled with softer passages of a descriptive and reflective character. No one can read the scene in the outlaw's hut, when the sleeping Sachem is killed by Bonython's daughter, without a thrill of terror.

“ Ruth starts erect — with bloodshot eye,
And lips drawn tight across her teeth,
Showing their locked embrace beneath,
In the red fire-light : — “ Mogg must die !
Give me the knife ! ” — The outlaw turns,
Shuddering in heart and limb, away —
But, fitfully there, the hearth-fire burns,
And he sees on the wall strange shadows play.

A lifted arm, a tremulous blade,
 Are dimly pictured, in light and shade,
 Plunging down in the darkness. Hark, that cry!
 Again — and again — he sees it fall —
 That shadowy arm down the lighted wall!
 He hears quick footsteps — a shape flits by! —
 The door on its rusted hinges creaks: —
 ‘Ruth — daughter Ruth!’ the outlaw shrieks;
 But no sound comes back — he is standing alone
 By the mangled corse of Mogg Megone!”

Contrast with this the sweet and graceful description which follows of an autumnal landscape;

“’Tis morning over Norridgewock —
 On tree and wigwam, wave and rock.
 Bathed in the autumnal sunshine, stirred
 At intervals by breeze and bird,
 And wearing all the hues which glow
 In heaven’s own pure and perfect bow,
 That glorious picture of the air,
 Which summer’s light-robed angel forms
 On the dark ground of fading storms,
 With pencil dipped in sunbeams there —
 And, stretching out, on either hand,
 O’er all that wide and unshorn land,
 Till, weary of its gorgeousness,
 The aching and the dazzled eye
 Rests gladdened, on the calm blue sky —
 Slumbers the mighty wilderness!
 The oak, upon the windy hill,
 Its dark green burthen upward heaves —
 The hemlock broods above its rill,
 Its cone-like foliage darker still,
 While the white birch’s graceful stem
 And the rough walnut bough receives
 The sun upon their crowded leaves,
 Each colored like a topaz gem;
 And the tall maple wears with them
 The coronal which autumn gives,
 The brief, bright sign of ruin near,
 The hectic of a dying year!

Beneath the westward turning eye
 A thousand wooded islands lie —
 Gems of the waters! — with each hue
 Of brightness set in ocean’s blue.
 Each bears aloft its tuft of trees
 Touched by the pencil of the frost,
 And, with the motion of each breeze,
 A moment seen — a moment lost —

Changing and blent, confused and tossed,
 The brighter with the darker crossed,
 Their thousand tints of beauty glow
 Down in the restless waves below,
 And tremble in the sunny skies,
 As if, from waving bough to bough,
 Flitted the birds of paradise."

— pp. 25–28.

The poem has many pictures so distinctly formed, that a painter could put them on the canvass at once ; for example, the description of Mogg at the opening of the poem, of Ruth Bonython at the cottage door, of the Indian boy and the fisherman, and of Father Ralle and Ruth at the confessional. We quote the lines describing the Missionary settlement.

"On the brow of a hill, which slopes to meet
 The flowing river, and bathe its feet —
 The bare-washed rock, and the drooping grass,
 And the creeping vine as the waters pass —
 A rude and unshapely chapel stands,
 Built up in that wild by unskilled hands ;
 Yet the traveller knows it a place of prayer,
 For the holy sign of the cross is there :
 And should he chance at that place to be,
 Of a Sabbath morn, or some hallowed day,
 When prayers are made and masses are said,
 Some for the living and some for the dead,
 Well might that traveller start to see
 The tall dark forms, that take their way
 From the birch canoe, on the river-shore,
 And the forest paths, to that chapel door ;
 And marvel to mark the naked knees
 And the dusky foreheads bending there,
 And, stretching his long thin arms over these,
 In blessing and in prayer,
 Like a shrouded spectre, pale and tall,
 In his coarse white vesture, Father Ralle!"

— p. 31.

A minute criticism of this little book would bring to light many modest beauties, as well as suggest various emendations. But it is enough for our present purpose that we recommend it to the attention of readers of poetry. Mr. Whittier must write again. He has in various forms displayed his power, and if he will choose a less revolting theme and construct his fable skillfully, and give to the execution all the finish of which he is capable, he will make a poem that shall live.